

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten*, etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was reticent and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people usually refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, but Mrs. Wilson protests. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jimmy's Japanese servant, Mr. Harbison, is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit to be taken away in the ambulance. Belle insists it is Jimmy. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tucking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Tullahoma, Tenn., which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with a grippe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and he denied it. Aunt Selma tells Jimmy that her cameo brooch and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selma all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuables. Harbison demands an explanation from Kit as to her conduct towards him. She tells him of the incident on the roof, he does not deny nor confirm her accusation. One of the guests devises a way to escape from the house.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

It was a transparent plot on Bella's part: Two elderly ladies, house miles from anywhere, long evenings in the music room with an open fire and Bella at the harp playing the two songs she knows.

When we were ready and gathered in the kitchen, in the darkness, of course, Dal went up on the roof and signaled with a lantern to the cars on the drive. Then he went downstairs, took a last look at the drawing-room, fired the papers, shook the powder, opened the windows and yelled "fire!"

Of course, huddled in the kitchen, we had heard little or nothing. But we plainly heard Dal on the first floor and Flannigan on the second yelling "fire," and the patter of feet as the guards ran to the front of the house. And at that instant we remembered Aunt Selma!

That was the cause of the whole trouble. I don't know why they turned on me; she wasn't my aunt. But by the time they had got her out of bed, and had wrapped her in an elderdown comfort, and stuck slippers on her feet and a motor veil on her head, the glare at the front of the house was beginning to die away. She didn't understand at all, and we had no time to explain. I remember that she wanted to go back and get her "plate," whatever that may be, but Jim took her by the arm and hurried her along, and the rest, who had waited, and were in awful tempers, stood aside and let them out first.

The door to the area steps was open, and by the street lights we could see a fence and a gate, which opened on a side street. Jim and Aunt Selma ran straight for the gate; the wind blowing Aunt Selma's comfort like a sail. Then, with our feet, so to speak, on the first rung of the ladder of liberty, it slipped. A half dozen guards and reporters came around the house and drove us back like sheep into a slaughter pen. It was the most humiliating moment of my life.

Dal had been for fighting a way through, and just for a minute I think I went berserk myself. But Max spied one of the reporters setting up a flash-light as we stood, undecided, at the top of the steps, and after that there was nothing to do but retreat. We backed slowly, to show them we were not afraid. And when we were all in the kitchen again, and had turned on the lights and Bella was crying with her head against Mr. Harbison's arm, Dal said, cheerfully: "Well, it has done some good, anyhow. We have lost Aunt Selma."

And we all shook hands on it, although we were sorry about Jim. And Dal said we would have some champagne and drink to Aunt Selma's comfort, and we could have her teeth fumigated and send them to her. Somebody said "Poor old Jim," and at that Bella looked up. She stared around the group, and then she went quite pale.

"Jim!" she gasped. "Do you mean—that Jim is—out there, too?"
"Jim and Aunt Selma!" I said as calmly as I could for joy. You see how it simplified the situation for me. "By this time they are a mile away, and going!"

Everybody shook hands again except Bella. She had dropped into a chair, and sat biting her lip and breathing hard, and she would not join in any of the hilarity at getting rid of Aunt Selma. Finally she got up and knocked over her chair.

"You are a lot of cowards," she stormed. "You deserted them out there, left them. Heaven knows where they are—a defenseless old woman, and—a man who did not even have an overcoat. And it is snowing!"
"Never mind," Dal said, reassuringly. "He can borrow Aunt Selma's comfort. Make the old lady discard from weakness. Anyhow, Bella, if I know anything of human nature, the old lady will make it hot enough for him. Poor old Jim!"

Then they shook hands again, and with that there came a terrible banging at the door, which we had locked. "Open the door!" some one commanded. It was one of the guards. "Open it yourself!" Dallas called, moving a kitchen table to re-enforce the lock.

"Open that door or we will break it in!"
Dallas put his hands in his pockets, seated himself on the table, and looked cheerfully. We could hear them conferring outside, and they made another appeal, which was refused. Suddenly Bella came over and confronted Dallas.

"They have brought them back!" she said dramatically. "They are out there now; I distinctly heard Jim's voice. Open that door, Dallas!"
"Oh, don't let them in!" I wailed. It was quite involuntary, but the disappointment was too awful. "Dallas, don't open that door!"

Dal swung his feet and smiled from Bella to me.
"Think what a solution it is to all our difficulties," he said, easily. "Without Aunt Selma I could be happy here indefinitely."

There was more knocking, and somebody—Max, I think—said to let them in, that it was a fool thing anyhow, and that he wanted to go to bed and forget it; his feet were cold. And just then there was a crash, and



"Certainly You Will Not Move the Pictures."

part of one of the windows fell in. The next blow from outside brought the rest of the glass, and—somebody was coming through, feet first. It was Jim.

He did not speak to any of us, but turned and helped in a bundle of red and yellow silk comfort that proved to be Aunt Selma, also feet first. I had a glimpse of a half-dozen heads outside, guards and reporters. Then Jim jerked the shade down and unswathed Aunt Selma's legs so that she could walk, offered his arm, and stalked past us and upstairs, without a word!

None of us spoke. We turned out the lights and went upstairs and took off our wraps and went to bed. It had been almost a fiasco.

CHAPTER XV.

Suspicion and Discard.

Every one was nasty the next morning. Aunt Selma declared that her feet were frost-bitten and kept Bella rubbing them with ice water all morning. And Jim was impossible. He refused to speak to any of us, and he watched Bella furtively, as if he suspected her of trying to get him out of the house.

When luncheon time came around and he had shown no indication of going to the telephone and ordering it, we had a conclave, and Max was chosen to remind him of the hour. Jim was shut in the studio, and we waited together in the hall while Max went up. When he came down he was somewhat ruffled.

"He wouldn't open the door," he reported, "and when I told him it was meal time, he said he wasn't hungry, and he didn't give a whoop about the rest of us. He had asked us here to dinner; he hadn't proposed to adopt us."

So we finally ordered luncheon ourselves, and about two o'clock Jim came downstairs, sheepishly, and ate what was left. Anne declared that Bella had been scolding him in the upper hall, but I doubted it. She was never seen to speak to him unnecessarily.

The excitement of the escape over, Mr. Harbison and I remained on terms of armed neutrality. And Max still hunted for Anne's pearls, using them, the men declared, as a good excuse to avoid tinkering with the furnace or repairing the dumb-waiter, which took the queerest notions, and stopped once

half-way up from the kitchen, for an hour, with the dinner on it. Anyhow, Max was searching the house systematically, armed with a copy of Poe's "Purloined Letter" and Gaboriau's "Monseur Lecoq." He went through the seats of the chairs with hatpins, tore up the beds, and lifted rugs, until the house was in a state of confusion. And the next day, the fourth, he found something—not much, but it was curious. He had been in the studio, poking around behind the dusty pictures, with Jimmy expostulating every time he moved anything and the rest standing around watching him.

Max was strutting.
"We get it by eliminations," he said, importantly. "The pearls being nowhere else in the house, they must be here in the studio. Three parts of the studio having yielded nothing, they must be in the fourth. Ladies and gentlemen, let me have your attention for one moment. I tap this canvas with my wand—there is nothing up my sleeve. Then I prepare to move the canvas—so. And I put my hand in the pocket of this disreputable velvet coat, so. Behold!"

Then he gave a low exclamation and looked at something he held in his hand. Every one stepped forward, and on his palm was the small diamond clasp from Anne's collar!

Jimmy was apologetic. He tried to smile, but no one else did.

"Well, I'll be flabbergasted!" he said. "I say, you people, you don't think for a minute that I put that thing there? Why, I haven't worn that coat for a month. It's—it's a trick of yours, Max."

But Max shook his head; he looked stupefied, and stood gazing from the clasp to the pocket of the old painting coat. Betty dropped on a folding stool, that promptly collapsed with her and created a welcome diversion, while Anne pounced on the clasp greedily, with a little cry.

"We will find it all now," she said, excitedly. "Did you look in the other pockets, Max?"

Then, for the first time, I was conscious of an air of constraint among the men. Dallas was whistling softly, and Mr. Harbison, having rescued Betty, was standing silent and aloof, watching the scene with non-committal eyes. It was Max who spoke first, after a hurried inventory of the other pockets.

"Nothing else," he said, constrainedly. "I'll move the rest of the canvases."

But Jim interfered, to every one's surprise.
"I wouldn't if I were you, Max. There's nothing back there. I had 'em out yesterday." He was quite pale.

"Nonsense!" Max said gruffly. "If it's a practical joke, Jim, why don't you 'fess up? Anne has worried enough."

"The pearls are not there, I tell you," Jim began. Although the studio was cold, there were little fine beads of moisture on his face. "I must ask you not to move those pictures." And then Aunt Selma came to the rescue; she stalked over and stood with her back against the stack of canvases.

"As far as I understand this," she declared, "you gentlemen are trying to intimidate that James knows something of that young woman's jewelry, because you found a part of it in his pocket. Certainly you will not move the pictures. How do you know that the young gentleman who said he found it there didn't have it up his sleeve?"

She looked around triumphantly, and Max glowered. Dallas soothed her, however.

"Exactly so," he said. "How do we know that Max didn't have the clasp up his sleeve? My dear lady, neither my wife nor I care anything for the pearls, as compared with the priceless pearl of peace. I suggest tea on the roof; those in favor—? My arm, Miss Caruthers."

It was all well enough for Jim to say later that he didn't dare to have the canvases moved, for he had stuck behind them all sorts of chorus girl photographs and life-class crayons that were not for Aunt Selma's eye, besides four empty siphons, two full ones, and three bottles of whiskey. Not a soul believed him; there was a new element of suspicion and discord in the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FAIR RETORT.

Pat, who had a bad coin given to him, decided to try and spend it. His therefore went into a tobacconist and asked for a cigar. The shopman handed over the cigar, and Pat, putting the cigar in his mouth, tendered the coin. He was making his way out when the shopman shouted:
"Hey, man, do you know it is a bad one?"

Pat turned round and said:
"Never mind. I'll smoke it if it kills me."

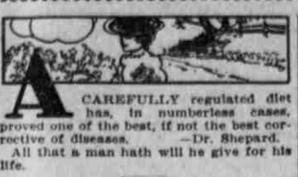
A Sure Sign.

"Was the audience this evening a fashionable one?"
"No; it consisted of very ordinary people."
"But the people in the boxes seemed to be handsomely and stylishly dressed."
"So they were, but they weren't fashionable for all that. They kept quiet all the time the play was going on."

Going Too Far.

"John, what on earth are you doing?" called Mrs. Geeker to her spouse, who was thumping, pounding and swearing in the cellar.
"Didn't you tell me to shake down the furnace?" he asked.
"Yes, but you needn't shake down the house."

The KITCHEN CABINET



CAREFULLY regulated diet

has, in numerous cases, proved one of the best, if not the best corrective of diseases. —Dr. Shepard.
All that a man hath will he give for his life.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR LUNCHEON.

When the noon meal is a light one, and the heavier meal taken at night, one does not care for a meal especially nutritive; something dainty and attractive in its appearance is generally pleasing.
A cream soup, a salad, a sandwich and a cake with fresh or preserved fruit makes a meal sufficiently satisfying.
For drinks, tea, cocoa, chocolate or any of the fruit juices may be used. A potato soup is simple and easily made, also liked by nearly everybody.
Potato Soup.—Have ready a cupful of mashed potato, rub through a sieve to be sure that it is free from lumps. Add three cups of milk that has been scalding with a slice of onion. Remove the onion and bind with a tablespoonful of butter which has been cooked with a tablespoonful of flour. Cook all together, add salt and white pepper and serve.

A nice sandwich which is easy to prepare is bread and butter with a slice of cucumber dipped in French dressing put between the slices.

An emergency dessert for unexpected company is prepared by putting a canned pear or peach in a sherbet glass, and heap on top a tablespoonful of sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

A salad that, too, may be prepared in a hurry is one of lettuce sprinkled with freshly roasted peanuts broken in bits and served with French dressing. A sprinkling of chopped onion may be added if the flavor is liked.

Angel Food and Strawberries.—Bake an angel cake in a sheet cut in squares, heap on fresh strawberries and pour over each dish a tablespoonful or two of whipped cream. This is an especially pleasing dessert because it looks so pretty. One can cut the cake in rounds or use any shape of cutter.

Another nice dessert that may be quickly prepared is the French pan cakes. Use any good griddle cake recipe, spread them, when cooked, with jelly and roll up, then roll in sugar and serve.



UNUSUAL SALADS.

There are any number of salads given in cook books, but those that are really prized are often never seen in a cook book; they are gathered from our friends. Fruit salads may take the place of dessert. They are much more wholesome than the rich combinations commonly served.

Bonbon Salad.—Shape small-sized balls of pimento cheese, roll in chopped pecan meats and press half a nut into the ball. Arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Hazelnut Salad.—Shell and blanch one pound of hazelnuts and grind half of them in a meat grinder. Grate half a pineapple, mix with the nuts a tablespoonful of sherry and the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Let stand an hour and then add a cake of cream cheese. Mix well and make into balls with a whole nut meat in the center. Heap on lettuce and cover with mayonnaise dressing.

College Salad With Horseradish Dressing.—Mix together a cup of strong cheese, three neufchatel cheeses and ten olives, chopped; three sweet red peppers, salt and paprika, and enough sweet cream to mold well. Make into balls with butter pats, garnish with strips of pimento and pour over a french dressing after arranging the cheese on lettuce. Serve with horseradish sauce. Mix four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish with one tablespoonful each of lemon juice and vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of cream, whipped. Season with salt and pepper.

A salad that is nice to serve with game is orange and celery. Cut the oranges in slices lengthwise and then in halves; arrange on lettuce leaves with a garnish of fringed celery. Pour over a French dressing.

Never put any kind of dressing on a crisp green vegetable until it is ready to serve, as it will wilt and lose its attractiveness.

Generalties.

Remove tea and coffee stains from linen by rubbing on a little borax and then soak for half an hour in cold water. After soaking spread over a bowl and pour boiling water through the spots.

To keep pink dresses fresh in color, use a piece of red crepe paper in the rinse and starch water. The dresses

will come out as pretty in color as when new.

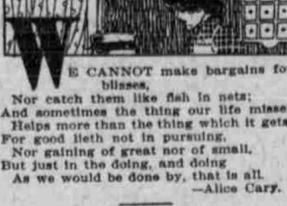
To prepare crumbs for escalloped dishes, season with salt and pepper and stir in a small quantity of melted butter. Mix well before using.

Clean currants by rubbing between the hands with a little flour, then wash, drain and dry them and they will be ready for use if kept in a tight can.

Water in which vegetables are cooked, except potato water, is good to add to soup stock for flavoring.

Water in which rice is cooked should never be thrown away. Add a little tomato and seasoning, and the result will be a fine soup.

Let the cold water run a few moments. Never use water for cooking that has stood in the pipes.



SPRING DISHES.

Rhubarb is one of the first of our wholesome fruits. There are many ways of serving it aside from the sauce or in pies. A pudding which is worth trying is:

Rhubarb Pudding.—Take three cupfuls of chopped rhubarb, mix well with a cup of sugar. In a buttered baking dish make alternate layers of buttered bread crumbs and rhubarb, using three cups of crumbs and a third of a cup of melted butter. Have three layers of bread and two of fruit. Bake one hour and serve with a hard sauce.

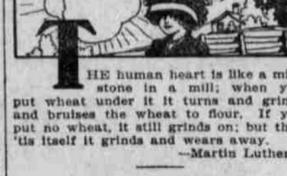
For a hard sauce, cream a third of a cup of butter, add a cup of powdered sugar and the white of an egg beaten stiff. Flavor and serve.

Rhubarb Pie.—Take two cupfuls of chopped rhubarb, a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter and four and two well beaten eggs, reserving the whites for the top. Bake in one crust, and cover with a meringue, using the whites and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

Mushrooms.—Do not fail to watch for the first mushrooms. There are so many delicate dishes to prepare from mushrooms. This delicate vegetable goes to waste in many of our gardens. Get a reliable teacher and learn a few of the common varieties and enjoy them all through the summer.

A very few will be sufficient to flavor a sauce for beefsteak, or if one is fortunate enough to find a pound, they will serve in the place of meat.

Yellow dock, when it first comes up in the spring, makes a good green to cook with dandelions.



EARLY VEGETABLES.

When cooking fresh beans, try using a little salt pork and cook until the beans are tender, then season and serve.

Another way to serve the green beans is to prepare and cook them as above, and just before taking up add a little vinegar and a sprinkling of finely shredded onion.

When one has a few of different kinds of vegetables, with none in sufficient quantity to serve alone, try:

Gypsy Stew.—Cut carrots in slices, new onions, new potatoes and a few peas. Cook with bits of diced salt pork, and when all are cooked season and add a little milk.

Nellie Maxwell.

All Taking a Rest.
The baby had been ill and had done much crying. When, at last, it began to improve, the rest of the family felt grateful.

"And is the dear child resting easily now?" telephoned a sympathetic visitor.

"We all are, thank you," smiled the little sister deputed to reply.

Undesirable.
"I do hope the people who are trying to make flying possible will never succeed."
"Why? It seems to me it would be a great thing for the human race."
"It might be, but the costumes people have to wear to go aeroplaning are so hideous."

New Advertising Idea.

Lanterns to project advertising signs upon pavements so that the who walks is forced to read now are made with electric lamps sufficiently powerful to operate effectively in the best lighted streets.

325,000 IN ONE YEAR

THE IMMIGRATION TO CANADA SURPASSES ALL RECORD.

The returns recently issued by the Canadian Immigration Branch shows that upwards of 325,000 persons arrived in Canada during the past twelve months, declaring their intention of becoming settlers in that country. Of this number about 130,000 were from the United States, the balance being from the British Isles and Northern Europe. It will thus be seen that the sturdy farming element that has gone forward from the United States is being splendidly supplemented by an equally sturdy settlement from across the seas. The lure of Canadian wheat, oats, barley and flax grown on the rich prairie of Western Canada is constantly attracting more and more, and year by year the tide of immigrants to the Western Canada plains increases; there is no ebb to this tide. The Canadian authorities are not surprised at the number from the United States being as large as it is but they did not look for so large an immigration from the old countries. Still, they will not be found unprepared. Reception halls are in readiness at all important points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, surveyors were at work during the past season opening up new districts on which to place those seeking free homesteads of 160 acres each, railways have been projecting laterals from their main lines, and every provision has been taken to accommodate the newcomer. A recent dispatch from Antwerp reads: "The diversion of European emigration from the United States to Canada is said to be seriously affecting the Atlantic steamship lines. The Red Star today gives up to the America-Canada line two of the best special emigrant steamers afloat, the Gothland and the Samland. These vessels heretofore in the Antwerp-New York service are now to be operated from Rotterdam to Canadian ports."

On the date of the above dispatch word came to the Immigration branch that the "Vanguard of the 1911 army of United States settlers reached Winnipeg at 1:30 o'clock this morning. There was a solid train load of effects, comprising 41 carloads and two colonist sleepers attached to the train, which contained the members of 25 families. Every man Jack in the party is a skilled farmer, and all have come north prepared to go right on the land, which was purchased last year. They are equipped with everything that experience has shown is necessary to make a start on virgin prairie. In addition to machinery and household effects there were a large number of horses and cattle. Some of the farmers had also brought along gas tractors, which will be put right to work on ground breaking."

One Close Tip.
"Your wandering life as an actor must cut you off from all ties."
"Ah, madam, say not so. The railroad ties are ever with us."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Let amusement fill in the chinks of your life, not the great spaces thereof.—Parker.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

The friend who takes your part sometimes forgets to return it.

Farms for rent or sale on crop payments. J. Melville, Sioux City, Iowa.

Every man is just enough of a liar to keep himself amused.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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